

Title: Lysander's Notebook

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Day Seven:

The Sewel woman  
pratters on endlessly. And  
she dares to speak Thy  
Name, Master! I wish so  
vehemently to take a  
knife to that little neck  
of hers. She struts  
around the chambers of  
Thy Sanctum with her  
repugnant airs, her  
scholarly conjecture on  
this or that. That I could  
peel the skin from her  
face and show her how  
vile and ugly she truly is,  
how unworthy of entrance  
to Thy Sanctum. I must  
take her, Master. I must  
rend that little wench to  
pieces. I ask this gift of  
Thee, that I might cleanse  
Thy Sanctum of her  
presence. Give me the  
Sewel woman and I shall  
show you my mastery of  
Death, Master. I shall cut  
her to bits and scatter  
them before the others  
as a warning. I cannot  
stand her presence, I  
cannot abide it. And  
Drummel! He is a pustule  
that must be lanced, a  
sickness that I must cure  
by blade and fire. Not a  
trace of him will be left  
when I'm done with him.  
Praises to Thee, Master.  
I shall honor Thee with  
many sacrifices, soon  
enough.